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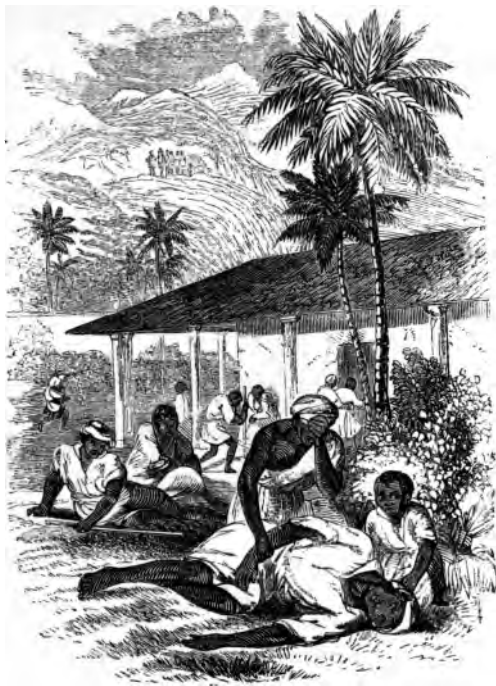
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**The Nameless Ones.**

# THE LORD'S JEWELS;

OR,

Sketches of Unknown Disciples.

By M. A. S. BARBER.

MALACHI iii. 17.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

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## P R E F A C E.

“I HAVE chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain,” were our Lord’s words to His Apostles; a purpose which stands, we believe, doubtless, towards every faithful disciple, however humble his task, or unrecognised his work may be.

We present to our readers the story of a few, whose fruit, we trust, remaineth. The work is written in simple language, for it is hoped, it may find a place, in many a lending library and reading-room for the working classes. It shows the happiness of God’s service, the blessedness of being counted among His Jewels, the power of faith to overcome affliction. We leave it to our readers, with this question, “Will ye also be His disciples?”



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## THE LORD'S JEWELS.

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### THE NAMELESS ONES.

“THOU hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments ; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.” Those few names are unheard upon earth ; they have neither the love nor the favour of man, but the honour which cometh from God only. They are not known, like Apollos, for their zeal in teaching—like Onesimus, for their repentance—like Persis for their labours—like Epaphroditus, for their patience in suffering—like Tychichus, for their sympathizing love. But they have this testimony, that they pleased God ; and it may be, hereafter, that their labour shall be found to have been more abundant, and the reward prepared for them greater, than that

of many in the number of those the most highly, and the most deservedly, honoured among men. "So the last shall be first, and the first last.

And we, too, have our names, whose "praise is in all the churches;" the devoted minister to whom thousands are looking as the ambassador from God to them; the eminent Missionary, the Apostle of the land where he labours; the Christian woman, of many gifts and many graces, high in reputation, rich in good works; the zealous layman, with a heart and a hand willing and able to help all God's people, in all God's work; these are honoured while they live, regretted when they die, and set up aloft as an example to those who shall come after.

And we have also "our few names in Sardis;" those, whose patience of hope, and labour of love, is commended and rewarded, by the Lord alone.

First, there are those who *suffer*. We greatly mistake, when we think we can please and serve the Lord, only by what we

can *do* in His name ; when we are fretful and impatient, and seem as though we thought we had lost our place in the household of faith, because we are rendered incapable of active work. A patient bearing of the will of God, is service ; “if they shall confess their iniquity,” saith the Lord . . . “and they then ACCEPT of the punishment of their iniquity, then will I remember my covenant with Jacob.”

Here is *Poverty*. The constant struggle for daily bread, which is only daily bread ; which has nothing laid up to meet the time of sickness, and the time of old age, save a trust in God ; and which yet envies none, is content to bear the yoke, and bends beneath it uncomplainingly.

Here is *Sickness*. The patient sufferer who passes sleepless nights and painful days, cut off from all the joys of life, disabled from all its employments, yet pleasing God in Christ, by accepting, with meekness, the affliction He has sent.

Here is *Friendlessness*. The one who



has no one to love, no one to watch over, and who is loved and watched over by none; that is, with the human affections, of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, which God has given to comfort man's heart; but who yet loves all God's children for His sake, and hears His voice saying, as Elkanah to Hannah, "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?" "I will give thee in mine house and within my walls, a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters."

Here is *Unsuccessful Labour*. The Minister, the Missionary, the Teacher, the Parent, the Friend, who have been seeking, hour after hour, year after year, to call others to repentance, whose call not one has heard, not one has obeyed; and who can yet labour on, with zeal, perseverance, and diligence, with nothing to rest on but the promise—"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Secondly, there are those who *do* the will of God.

Here is the *Enquiring Servant*. The one who knows that the first service he can render to the Lord is the keeping of his own heart. Who is always seeking to be like Christ, who is always saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Here is the *Self-denying Giver*. The one who gives, not out of abundance, but out of the fruits of self-denial for the love of Christ. Whose gifts *cost him* something.

Here is the *Humble Teacher*. The one of the court or alley, who possesses the knowledge of Christ. Who nightly repairs to the filthy den of some wretched neighbour to speak of Jesus, or to read His Word. Who gives his little room for the use of the Missionary, and goes from house to house, from person to person, among his vagrant acquaintance, to gather them together to hear the word of God. Here is the *Sunday-school Teacher*, who gives up the Sabbath hours of rest;—the *Ragged School Teacher*, who encounters all the filth, squalor, and uproar, of the nightly meeting; the *good*

*Housewife*, a faithful teacher at home, instructing her household in the ways of the Lord.

Here is the *Quiet Worker*—the fearless visitor by the sick and dying bed, bearing the precept and the promise of the Lord to the fainting soul; always ready to relieve distress, seeking it out in its hiding places, loving and caring for the poor; and looking about in the daily paths of life, for some who may be brought to the knowledge of Jesus.

All these, and such as these, are our “few names in Sardis;” and “they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”

As an example of those actions, which display the truest devotion to the Lord, and the most fervent zeal in His service, and which pass but little noticed among men, let us listen to the following story—

In the lonely deserts of South Africa, far from the dwellings of other men, is a large open space, surrounded by high walls. There is one gate in these walls, which is strictly

watched. Within these walls, surrounded by fields is a lazaret-house, *i. e.* a habitation for those sick of infectious diseases. There were formerly similar places in England. Near a beautiful village in Sussex, at the end of a long bye-path leading out of a lane, there stands with dark trees round it, and a dark pool in front, a place called "The Pesthouse." It is a farm-house now, since God has given us a remedy against that fearful disease, for which it was set apart—the small-pox. The lazaret-house we were speaking of, in Africa, is for the reception of lepers; for leprosy still exists in that land. This awful disease either is contagious, or is imagined by the people to be so, and they show, it seems, but little pity for those attacked with it. A person upon whom the marks of leprosy appear, is brought to the gate of the lazaret-house, compelled to enter it, and never again suffered to come out. In former times, in the interior of Africa, it is said, that when there was known to be in any hut, a person ill with the small-pox,

the natives would surround the hut, and burn it to the ground, with all it contained ; so pitiless are the heathen.

But there were those near who had hearts to pity the wretched people shut up in the lazar-house. These were the Moravian Missionaries. In vain, for the poor lepers, was the Gospel preached, in the little chapel, not one of them could ever enter ; in vain, under some spreading tree, did the preacher address to the passers-by the message of Salvation ; no leper dared be found among the group that assembled round him. The Missionaries would gladly have gone into the lazar-house to teach its inmates ; but this they were not permitted to do ; the gate of that miserable abode was never opened to the passer-out ; whoever once entered, returned no more. There was but one plan which suggested itself to their mind ; this was, that two of their number, for the love of the souls of these unhappy people, should give themselves up, for their instruction, and

consent to be imprisoned in the pest-house among them, never again to come out; and this was done. Two willingly offered themselves, and others willingly promised, when they should die to take their place. With steadfast courage, and unshrinking faith, they entered, and remained.

From a neighbouring hill, which overlooked the walls of this abode of misery, an English Missionary once watched the sick people at work, in the fields which surrounded their dwelling; amongst them, were two sowing peas; one had no hands, the other had no feet, having lost them through the disease. The one who had no hands was carrying the one who had no feet, on his back; the latter held in his hand a bag of seed; he scattered it as they went along, on the ground, and the man, who carried him, trod it in with his feet. Others there were, in different stages of the disease; on every side sickness and suffering. The Gospel is more than health or life, it is the most precious

gift to those who have every other gift, but, in this pest-house, it must have been as the first light of the sun, to men perishing in the frozen darkness of an arctic night.

These missionaries are unknown; their service, though marked by a strength of faith and depth of love, was an obscure service; but we will believe that these, and such as these, whether found in the Mission settlement, in the crowded parish, by the sick bed, or the path of every-day labour and trial, will be counted amongst those unknown to man, but known to the Lord, His "few names in Sardis."

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“Just at the very moment of their triumph,” p. 19.

## THE EXILED PASTOR.

A FEW leagues off the coast of Africa, lies the beautiful island of Madeira. To sailors, who have long seen nothing but sea and sky, Madeira, with its grand mountains, its vine-covered hills, its fields, rich in geraniums and tropical flowers, its clear heavens, and its purple sea, seems like the Garden of Eden.

Madeira belonging to Portugal, a Roman Catholic country, is consequently under the power of the Pope. John Bunyan thought old Giant Pope had lost the power to hurt and destroy the faithful; but he was mistaken.

In a clear open space on a mountain ridge, in this beautiful island, were assembled, about ten years ago, some thousands of

persons. On each side of the ridge, was a deep, steep valley, and a mountain rose to a great height on the South. The lonely spot was hemmed in with clusters of vines, among which glistened rich bunches of golden and purple grapes. These people were Portuguese, except one; he was an Englishman, a physician,\* and a Christian, who, when the people had come to consult him concerning their bodily disease, had taken that opportunity to speak to them of the Gospel of Christ. At first the people heard with pleased surprise; in Roman Catholic countries, the figures of the saints being set up in the highways, in the streets, and in the churches, the people are quite familiar with the names of St. Peter, St. Matthew, St. John. But when they heard that these men, who had gone about with the Lord Jesus when he dwelt upon earth—who had been eye-witnesses of His life—who had received his instructions—who had been present at his death—who had beheld

\* Dr. Kalley.

His glorious Ascension—who had preached the Gospel in His name among all people; when they heard that these men had written the New Testament; when one portion was read to them as St. Peter's, another as St. John's, and another as St. Matthew's—they listened partly in doubt, partly in wonder, partly with intense interest. The wonder spread and grew. Some wanted to read for themselves, and went to school, that they might learn; while numbers resorted to the house of the physician to hear more of these things. Many walked ten or twelve hours, some climbed over mountains 3000 feet high; from twenties, the numbers increased to hundreds; from hundreds they amounted to thousands, as in the evening described above, when the grand old mountains of their native island resounded with their Sabbath hymns of gratitude and praise.

A "Pastoral," was issued by the priests, denouncing the Bible as a "book from hell," pretending, it was not a correct translation,

and threatening with punishment all who should dare to read it, or frequent the meetings. These threats were speedily put into execution. Some of the Portuguese Christians were cruelly beaten, some stoned, some cast into prison, among the most depraved and degraded criminals, some were carried off to the coast of Barbary—some were compelled to hear mass, and dragged to kneel down by force. Some were condemned to death; some were cast into the “Bomba,” the most loathsome and putrid of the filthy rooms of that filthy place, a prison in Madeira. But they were steadfast in the faith, patient and joyful. The jail resounded with their hymn of praise to the Lord, who was with them there; those very hymns which, in another language, may be often heard in the Sabbath-schools of happy England. This is no tale of past times; it was done, as it were, but yesterday.

Still the converts continued to meet, by stealth, in secret, in lonely places, and at night. The Church of Scotland sent over

a minister \* to teach and encourage them ; he devoted his efforts principally to instructing those who might hereafter be qualified to be ministers among themselves, and be enabled to keep together the scattered and terrified people. Among these was Arsenio da Silva, a gentleman of property and consideration, the father-in-law of one of the two principal judges on the island.

This little band met for a long time in safety. The minister laboured diligently among them, and saw good fruit beginning to spring up. Many a pleasing story he tells of the faith and patience of his people, and of their sufferings. One, who only went to the jail to visit and comfort a friend imprisoned for the truth's sake, was immediately shut up in prison himself. Another, just released after six months' imprisonment, came up to the Minister, after having prayed with his brethren at one of the

\* The Rev. W. Hewitson ; in whose Life, may be found a detailed account of all these transactions in Madeira.

meetings before alluded to, and said, referring to his want of words, "Excuse me, for I can only pray as I have been taught by the Holy Ghost."

At length the minister being obliged to leave them, and return to Scotland, appointed Arsenio da Silva to watch over his brethren, and conduct the worship in his absence.

One Sabbath morning in August, he had assembled about thirty or forty converts in the house of an English family. They were about to read the Bible and pray, and to hear a pastoral letter sent them by their minister from Scotland. Suddenly loud shouts were heard outside the gate, and, looking out, they saw a band of ruffians, accompanied by a Romish priest, in all his priestly garments. From morning till night the mob besieged the house. The English family implored them to desist; they were violating the law. "There are no laws," shouted the mob, "for Calvinists!"—that is, Protestants. Noon came—night came—

still they were there. Crash succeeded crash—blow succeeded blow. At length, soon after midnight, the doors gave way, and the infuriated populace swept into the house. They fell upon their victims; they laid bare the head of one to the bone, and cast him over the banisters; then rushed after him, with cudgels, to drag him into the garden, and murder him there; but, just at the very moment of their triumph, the soldiery and police entered the dwelling.

Amongst those who made their escape in safety was Arsenio. A priest, indeed, had thrust an image into his face, bidding him “kiss it,” and “adore his God;” nevertheless, he had contrived to elude the tormentors, and to make his way to his own house, in the interior of the city. But there he dared not remain; he must leave all he had, and all he loved; for his wife and family, though kind and attached to him, were Romanists. At an appointed hour of the night, he quitted his home, and went to a place of concealment, which had been



provided for him. Here he remained some time, not daring to visit his residence, or see any of his relatives. At length, weary of such a life, he obtained a little money from his wife, and embarked in a vessel for Lisbon, without once beholding the face of any of his family. "I have a letter from my wife," he would be heard saying, many years afterwards—"a kind, friendly letter; but no good, no spiritual good in it—no love for Jesus Christ."

Multitudes followed his example. In numbers of seventy and eighty at a time, they fled to the harbours and seaports, and embarked, some for Lisbon, some for the West Indies, Barbados, and Trinidad; until, in the latter place alone, the exile band amounted to the number of seven hundred, who, beneath the protection of the English flag, could meet, by the Lord's good providence, to worship Him in peace. The Church of Scotland followed the exiles with their prayers and their sympathy, and they proposed to Da Silva to come to Scotland, and

receive from them the office of Pastor to the exiles. This offer he gladly accepted, and afterwards quitted Europe for ever, to find a home in another land, where, in labours for the Lord, he might forget what he had suffered.

Da Silva was gladly received in Trinidad. "When I left the island," says the Scottish minister who had been sent thither—the same who had visited them in Madeira—"all was cheering. The exile Church is in good order, and all is full of promise. Senhor Arsenio is a dear brother in the Lord—a zealous minister of the Church for the Lord's sake. The Lord is blessing him, beyond all his expectations, with grace and strength for the work. He seems to have the Bible always in his heart, and his heart always in heaven."

But they who wait for the seed of the kingdom must have "long patience" for it. Let us revisit the exile Church again. Two years have passed away—two sad years. Diseases incident to the tropical climate and

the damp atmosphere attacked them, and Da Silva was among the sufferers. His spirit was further grieved by seeing his people mixed up with a low, vicious, degraded population, scarcely to be ranked among civilized nations.

In the midst of these sorrows came a messenger from some of the Christian people of the United States of North America, inviting the whole of the exiles to take refuge there, and promising them a welcome in the name of the Lord.

But the exile Pastor was lying on his dying bed. There was no further habitation on earth for him, nor did he need one. Still faithful, however, to his sorrowing flock, he asked and obtained for them a portion of good land in the United States, where they might settle near to each other, where they might have a church built, and schools for their children, and where they might, by honest industry, earn their livelihood, whilst worshipping their God in the rites of a pure faith.

His last prayer was for the Church of Scotland, his flock, his wife, daughter, and grandchildren—especially for his wife, that she might be brought to the knowledge of Jesus. Then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, “Lord Jesus! I depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!”

## THE YEAR OF BLESSINGS.

“How happy I am!” thought a person in London, at the close of 1848; “what a year of blessings this has been! Blessings of bodily health, blessings of successful labour What pleasure, what encouragement I have in looking back upon——and——and——” thus counting up his mercies. How had this happy year been passed, for who would not pass a happy year? In visiting the sick, the miserable, the wicked, in the lodging-house, the workhouse, the den of vice, filth and infamy; for these were the reflections of Henry Clark, a City Missionary, in one of the worst and lowest parts of lane and alley London; a mighty town, but differing greatly from London, of the streets, and parks, and squares.

He had been formerly in business, possessing an income of 180*l.* per annum;

but he had given it up, to be employed as a Missionary, with the salary of just one third of the amount; a secret which he kept in his own heart, desiring that the offering made to the Lord should be known to the Lord alone. Well did he love the work to which he had thus devoted himself; when others, attracted by his piety and zeal, made him an offer of a higher place in the Church, one of greater honour and profit, he put the offer aside; he could not resolve to leave his courts and alleys, where multitudes of the sick and dying received no word of instruction and warning but his; where the sad inmate of the workhouse, pining over past sorrows, and present miseries, heard no voice of consolation but his.

Well too was his devotedness, repaid. The old man, whose sight was failing through age, would listen for his step in the ward, and hearing it, hasten to his side, listening as though he would not lose a word. "Come in," the voice of the Irishwoman, would reply to his knock, "come in, you have

brought a blessing into the place. Here is my husband, and he will feel proud to have you sit down and talk with him. He is a different man altogether to what he was when you called with tracts. He never goes to bed now till he has read a chapter and kneeled to pray. The Lord in heaven bless your honour for coming to see us." "I bless God," would the bereaved widow in the Poor-house say, "who has made you faithful; and I bless Him for bringing me to this house of mercy, and for making you a blessing to my soul." And now the faithful Missionary sate, at the close of his year of labour, counting up his mercies, and eyeing from time to time with fond regard, a large and handsome Bible, a Christmas gift, presented to him by two hundred of the poorest of the poor, in the Parish Workhouse, the purchase of their united pence, for one who, during many a long year, had ministered to their wants both of soul and body. How could he but be happy?

The district on which he laboured, was Spa-fields, forming a part of the parish of Clerkenwell; a place, to describe the physical and moral evil of which, language has been almost exhausted; the darkest pictures have been drawn, of the wretchedness which afflicts the bodies of its miserable inhabitants, and the corruption which taints their souls. The passer-by shudders to think they should have such feelings as their features express. Here mothers are heard to teach their children words of infamy; to multitudes the name of Christ is wholly unknown, nay, their ignorance is so great, that they are strangers to the very world they inhabit. Oaths, and shouts of drunken fights re-echo through the close dark courts. Here half naked children, float their paper boats upon the black liquid pool; here fetid odours, the result of filth and filthy occupations,\* pollute the air; here

\* Particularly the preparation of the fine and beautiful morocco leather, used for the splendid binding of Bibles and other books.

Also the washing of rags used for dressing the wounds and sores in the hospital, &c.



with an old sack for clothes, and gnawing a blackened bone for food, wanders the despairing inhabitant, in a tangled wilderness of vice and sin in the very heart of London, and almost within sight of one of its richest, and most crowded thoroughfares. Of such a nature was the district where Henry Clark lived and laboured; such was the place, which he would not exchange for the village parish, and the country home.

It is, as we before said, the close of the year, and he is counting up his mercies; the names of those to whom God had made him a successful messenger of hope and peace. "There is Ellen G——" he said. Ellen G—— was a poor widow; after her husband's death she had struggled in vain to maintain her infant family, and had been obliged to take refuge with her three youngest children in the Workhouse. She was a Romanist, very ignorant, unable to read, and knowing little or nothing of the Gospel. Soon after she came into the Workhouse, she was taken ill, and laid in the sick-

ward, where the Missionary held his meetings. Here she heard of Jesus; moreover the Missionary paid her daily visits, instructed her, and prayed for her. She rose from her bed of sickness, but her babe, her youngest, was taken ill, and soon laid in the grave; the next followed, and then the next; the desolate mother wept bitter tears, but her heart clung to the friend who in all these trials was ever at hand, to comfort, and soothe, the troubled spirit, and to point to Him who "hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." In the long and weary hours of the workhouse-ward, she learned to read. The Missionary brought her first a spelling-book, and then a Testament; her ward companion, one who had already learnt from him the way of life, taught her.

As the months went by, the Missionary saw the cloud of sadness beginning to pass from her face, and a settled expression of peace and cheerfulness to prevail in its place. At length, when she was about to leave the Workhouse, having obtained a respectable

situation, she got her companion, to write to him the following letter :

MAY 8th, 1848.

“SIR,

“I hope you will not be offended at the liberty I take, but I write to inform you, that my friend, Ellen G——, is about to be removed from this house, and she desires to be thankful for the benefit she has received from your visits, and attending your meetings. She has to bless God that she was ever brought to this house, and will have to praise Him throughout Eternity, for what He has done for her, through you. She can now rejoice in the Saviour, and wishes you may be made as great a blessing to many more souls. I assure you, sir, it is also my earnest prayer. I do believe it is so, and many have left this dying testimony, that the Lord has heard and answered your prayers, in showing mercy to them.” The writer here acknowledges God’s mercies to her own soul, through the teaching of

the Missionary; the letter then continues, "Blessed be God, for His unspeakable gift. If I trusted to my duties I should despair, for sin is mixed with all I do, and I need to be washed in the precious blood of the Lamb. Pray for me, for I find it hard work to get up the hill, but the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of Psalm ciii. cheer me. So no more from your unworthy servant,

\* \* \* \*

The Missionary laid up this letter among his treasures; then he thought of another and another.

But pleasant as all these thoughts were, they were mingled with some painful ones; after so many years of faithful service, he was now about to leave these people, and there was no one to supply his place. He was not indeed going to leave his work among the poor, but, his health having much suffered from his labours, he was about to be removed from this district, and

appointed Superintendent over fifty other Missionaries, in the south of London.

The last day of the year came; the last visits were paid to the sick, and the usual and the last meeting, held in that ward of the Workhouse, where all the worst characters are confined. The poor blind Mary, who had long set the tunes for the hymns, was overcome with grief. He, grateful for the past, and anticipating usefulness for the future, tenderly bid them farewell.

The commencement of the year, 1849, found him at his new labours; but grieved in spirit that his former place was still unsupplied. So great a sense had been excited among the people, of the value of religious instruction, that the inmates of the Workhouse where he had spent a large portion of his time, had formed whilst he laboured there, an association among themselves on behalf of the Mission, the subscription to which was one farthing per week; this they continued, but still no

Missionary came. Mr. Clark tried to interest benevolent individuals on behalf of the district, but he could not succeed. It was said of him that, "so earnest was he on this subject, that if his death were to be the means of raising up support, he would probably have almost consented to have died, that the desire of his heart might be accomplished."

It was the summer of 1849. With steady, slow, and unheard steps the Pestilence approached. First, it was whispered that the cholera was in London, but only in its filthy nooks and alleys; then the weekly returns increased from two and three, to tens and hundreds, to a thousand—beyond it. Yet there was nothing to mark the presence of the scourge; it was not as in former times of sickness, when the atmosphere was convulsed with storms, and even the sun shone with a sickly lustre; all was clear, bright, beautiful; a blue sky, refreshing air, an even temperature, seemed to mark a season of health and enjoyment.

Neither were the proprieties of daily life, disturbed in their usual course ; no dead cart went about the streets, no red cross appeared upon the door, no outward sign attested the progress of the disease, except here and there a black flag, at the entrance of some wretched lane of houses, warning the passers-by not to traverse it. Yet there perished in London alone, 12,847 persons.

The Missionaries of London kept steadfast to their post ; except some of the clergy, and the medical men, they were almost the only individuals who dared to approach the scenes of death ; the single women pleaded the prohibition of their parents, the married of their husbands ; the husbands the entreaties of their wives ; but the Missionaries, without one single exception, cheerfully devoted themselves to the dreadful task, so that in the districts occupied by them, not one trembling, sick or dying person need to have departed, without help and consolation ; except when the swiftness of the

disease, or the sickness of the Missionary himself, prevented its being rendered; but alas, many in their agony and terror, defied God, and despised man. "We cannot attend to you," said some who surrounded the dying bed; some died in a state bordering on madness, multitudes after fits of drunkenness. To scarcely one case, among all the long number, does the generally cheerful and hopeful Missionary add, "there was hope in this death."\* Nor was it only for the dead that they mourned, they mourned for the living also; for the wives bereaved of their husbands, the children of their parents, with nothing before them in place of their beloved, though humble home, except starvation.

Among these faithful labourers, was Henry Clark. One morning in July, he was walking with another Missionary,

\* It was one of the awful features of the cholera among the poor, that it generally attacked persons of drunken and profligate lives: of course there were *many* exceptions, among such a vast number.



through the streets, and talking of the difficulties of Missionary work. "After all, he said, from a feeling doubtless of the inadequacy of his success, in proportion to his hearts' desire, "after all, our satisfaction must result from a consciousness that our persons and labours, are accepted by God through Christ." They parted, he was about ten minutes' walk from his home, but, before he reached the door, the pestilence had seized him. He scarcely had the power to enter his own room, and reaching it, he threw himself upon the floor in all the agony of that terrible disease. There he lay for a few hours scarcely sensible; all aid, all remedies, were vain. On the second night he was numbered with the dead. With the Dead? shall we not say, with the Living? Almost his last request was, to be buried by the side of one who had been his fellow labourer, in his beloved Missionary work.

Shortly after his death, some Christian friends raised a fitting monument to his

memory. For, touched by his zeal and devotedness, they subscribed for the support of a Missionary on the district, where, during so many years, he had lived and laboured, and where the farthing a-week subscription, attested the people's love for him, and desire for knowledge.

If the service of God be happiness, even in this world, which it is, how much greater happiness shall it be hereafter? When both love and service shall be perfected, and "His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads."

## THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

“THE earth hath God given to the children of men. We, indeed, in the time of this our mortal life, are, but His guests here, sojourners with Him for a little time ; yet, has He promised to His people, that hereafter they shall possess it, they shall inherit the earth ; it may be, as the land of Canaan was inherited by the seed of Abraham ; and now He has given it to us for our present habitation, both to the just and to the unjust, and He divideth it among the several nations of the earth, giving it, and taking it away, as He sees good. There was a time when the native tribes of New Zealand possessed the whole of their beautiful islands ; the valleys, the hills, the coast of the bays, were dotted over with their habitations ; though cruel wars prevailed amongst them, still the people



**“ And I, too, drank from his calabash, and was refreshed.”—See page 48.**



increased ; though they neither sowed nor planted, and the fern root was almost their only food, they grew and prospered ; but the white man came, the colonist—the runaway convict—the depraved sailor—and the native tribes began to fade away.

“ Yes, my grandchildren,” said the native chief, “ the remnants of the tribes of the mighty, of the renowned of former days, now dwell by twos and threes among the roots by the big trees of the ancient forests, and among the long reeds by the rills in the dells ! Yes, my grandchildren, my and your ancestors once spread over the country, as the koitareke, and the kiwi<sup>a</sup> did ; now their descendants are even as these birds, scarce, gone, dead, fast hastening to utter extinction ! ”

In one of these lonely places of New Zealand, where thus her native people dwell by twos and threes, on an islet, for thus they call the villages in the interior which are remote from other habitations, there lived

<sup>a</sup> Birds of New Zealand.

some few years ago a chief named Karepa. He loved his people; it was Karepa who obtained for them, hatchets, blankets, knives; it was Karepa who saw with grief their diminished numbers; it was Karepa who sought in every way he could to promote their prosperity.

There came to Te Hawera, the village where he dwelt, a man who spoke of new and unknown riches—the riches of Faith. Karepa listened—it was a wonderful story—such as he had never heard before; he began to long to know more of it, to possess these riches, for himself and his people. Far off, at a place called Manawatu, there were those who, he thought, could teach him. The way was long, it was beset with enemies, making the journey dangerous, nevertheless Karepa set forth. When he arrived at Manawatu, there was no white teacher there; some of the people however had heard the Words of life, and to them Karepa went. We are not told what passed between them; what were the questions he

put, nor the answers he received; but they were unsatisfactory; either they could not teach him, or he could not understand; he still continued, as he afterwards told his people, "dark-minded." "But," said his countrymen, "there is a white man, at Otaki; with him is the spring where you can fill your empty and dry calabash."<sup>a</sup> And further, further, Karepa, journeyed on; he came to Otaki, but the white man was gone. Sadly the chief returned to his own people, still "dark-minded."

Winter came; the snow shut up the forest ways, and made deep solitude around Te Hawera. Spring came, the tawai<sup>b</sup> put forth its buds, and strangers came along the opened paths again. They brought news to Karepa; another white man was going about, over mountains, and through forests, and swamps, giving, as Karepa said, "drink from his calabash to the native folk;" im-

<sup>a</sup> A New Zealand drinking-vessel.

<sup>b</sup> One of the few trees in New Zealand which shed their leaves in winter.



parting to the people the knowledge he himself possessed, of the true God, and eternal life ; they spoke of his crossing the snowy range of mountains to Patea, of his journeys up the east coast to Turakiræ. Karepa chose out four young men of his tribe ; he dispatched them to meet the white teacher at a distant village, and to entreat his presence in Te Hawera. More successful than their chief had been, they met the Missionary<sup>a</sup> and told their errand ; they told him too, how much they longed to be the Lord's people, and asked for baptism in His name. The Missionary's heart was greatly moved, but he could not go to their far-off village then ; he gave them however some instruction, and a promise for their chief, that, on his next journey, he would come to Te Hawera.

Karepa, when his messengers returned, received this promise with distrust ; he gathered up however the things that had been taught by the Missionary ; they were,

<sup>a</sup> The Rev. W. Colenso.

he said, "a drop of water from the calabash." But, he thought, "he *may* come;" so he built a chapel, a little away from the wood, and waited. Many days and many nights passed by, and still Karepa expected and waited.

At length, coming forth from the dark forest paths, appeared the long looked-for person of the white Teacher. Karepa's heart bounded within him; he saw a Missionary face to face; he sate beside him within his "cloth-house,"<sup>a</sup> and heard the Words of life he had so longed to hear, the message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

A little while the Missionary remained among them; and in that little while, sweet and precious were the lessons laid up in the heart of Karepa. To him and to a few of his people the Missionary administered baptism. At length he took down his cloth-house and departed. Karepa was left alone, he sought communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, and knowledge to walk in His

<sup>a</sup> Tent.

ways himself, and to teach his people the same.

The Lord Jesus Christ is our Prophet, Priest, and King. Years passed away, and no human being had Karepa to instruct or comfort him, except, when at long, long intervals, the cloth-house was occasionally set up by the wood of Te Hawera. Nevertheless, the soul of Karepa prospered; he continued stedfast and faithful. The Lord Jesus himself instructed and comforted him. Karepa taught his people also. When they met together in the little chapel, he would pray with them the prayers he had learned; the Collects for Ash-Wednesday, the second Sunday in Advent, the second and fourth Sundays in Lent, the first in the Communion Service, and the Lord's-Prayer. He also knew well the daily Collects of Morning and Evening Prayer, with the Confession, and Chrysostom's, and St. Paul's benedictory prayer; but his most constant prayer for himself, was, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Years passed away, and many of his tribe worshipped now with Karepa, in the little chapel beside the wood. At length a lingering sickness came upon the aged chief; it was early in October, and he still followed his accustomed employments,—among the last of which was, to dig around and clear away the grass from four young apple-trees, which had grown from the seeds of an apple, which his friend and he had ate together on the day when they last had parted. His illness increased, and thinking he should not recover, he called around him the few remaining men of his tribe, and with much love addressed them. He reminded them how greatly he had longed for the Missionary, of the joy with which he had received him;—"Yes," he said, "I saw a Missionary's face; I sat in his cloth-house; I tasted his new food; I heard him talk *Maori*. My heart bounded within me. I listened. I ate his words. You slept at nights; I did not. Yes, I listened; and he told me about God, and his Son Jesus Christ,

and of peace and reconciliation, and of a loving Father's home beyond the stars. And I, too, drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for me, and for you ; and we have it now. My children, I am old ; my teeth are gone, my hair is white, the yellow leaf is falling from the tawai-tree ; I am departing. The sun is sinking behind the great western hills ; it will soon be night. But hear me ; do you hold fast the new riches—the true riches. We have had plenty of sin and pain, and death ; and we have been teased by many—by our neighbours and relations ; but we have the true riches. Hold fast the true riches which Karepa sought for, for you.”

The next day a messenger was dispatched to seek his only son Huru, and tell him to come and see his dying father. But the messenger on arriving at the nearest village, found that Huru was a week's journey distant, so he returned. The heart of the old chief was sad when he heard he should see

his son no more in this world; but after a time he began to be cheerful again, and left instructions for him. Again he called his people to him: "My children, I have been dreaming. I last night saw my minister; he was here, smiling upon me, and praying intercessory prayers for me. It is well. It is good. I know I shall go to the world of spirits. It is well. Hold fast the true riches when I am gone. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

His pain increased, and continued almost without cessation. He prayed much and often, under the trees at the edge of the wood, going in his pain from place to place; confessing his sins, and entreating the mercy and favour of the Lord, in the words of the beautiful prayers he loved.

One Sunday, it was sweet summer weather,\* and Karepa was in his usual place under the trees on the border of the wood, his aged wife Azubah, and a female friend, Leah, watching near him; the few inhabi-

\* November 4th.

tants of the village were at school in their little chapel. Suddenly Leah appeared among them, and told them, their chief, their friend, was gone. They quickly closed the school, and hastened to the wood; there lay the body of their chief, but Karepa was gone to his "loving Father's house beyond the stars!"

It was autumn in New Zealand, and the winter was coming on, when the white Teacher again crossed the dark paths of the forest, and came towards the village of Te Hawera. Mournful lamentations resounded from it, as the Missionary approached. He knew what they meant; he knew that he who had so watched for him before was there no more. As he drew near, a band of sorrowing relations, uttering the same sad cries, came out to meet him, and conducted him to the spot where Karepa and he had parted, and where the cloth-house had been wont to be pitched. He sate down among the sorrowing people; beside him was the chapel Karepa had built, and where he had been

baptized; at a little distance, his tomb, and the four young apple-trees; around the Missionary the remnant of the tribe, anxious to give him the last message of Karepa. "Accept," they said, "the dying love of Karepa: he strictly charged us to tell you that, though his body is dead, his love for his minister still lives." Then they told him how Karepa had suffered, and how he had prayed, and of the day on which he departed, when, hastening to the wood, they found, as they said, "his soul had fled away to Jesus' city, to dwell with Him;" and the White Teacher wept with them.

I wait for Thy salvation, Lord!  
 With strong desires, I wait;  
 My soul invited by Thy Word,  
 Stands watching at Thy gate.

Just as the guards that keep the night,  
 Long for the morning skies,  
 And watch the beams of breaking light,  
 With fixed, desiring eyes,

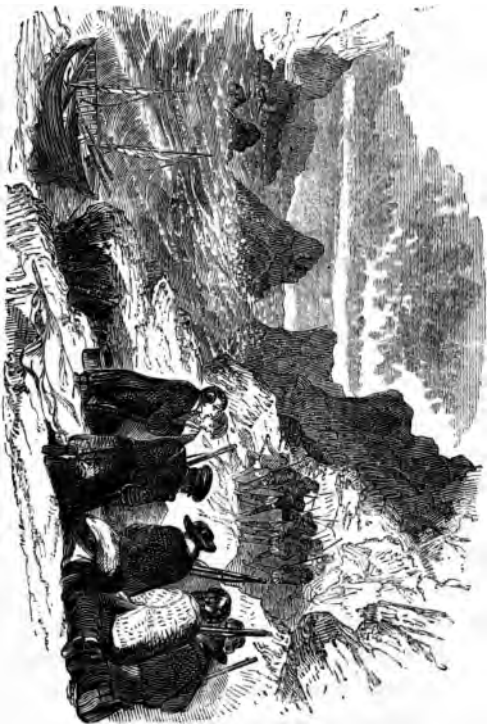
So waits my soul to see Thy grace,  
 And, more intent than they,  
 Meets the first opening of Thy face,  
 And finds a brighter day.

WATTS.



## THE FORLORN HOPE.

THE rosy light of the setting sun has melted away, and now the heavens are declaring the glory of God, and the firmament showing His handywork. Far as the eye can reach, the whole sky is radiant with stars, and the sands of the ocean glitter in the light, as the waves ripple softly over them. There, low on the horizon, just on the margin of the sea, shines a star rarely seen through our misty northern atmosphere; there too is Orion, and the Pleiades, and Aldebaran, and all those beautiful constellations known by the names given them ages since, by people of another race and another language. Now, if we had been sitting here on the beach, since the sun went down, would all these brilliant stars have burst



The "Forlorn Hope." Page 61.



upon our view at once? No; they would have come out, one by one; here a faint twinkling, and there a soft ray, until all appeared. Thus it is with the earth we inhabit, and thus it is with the kingdom of Christ in it. At first, the earth belonged, as it were, to one family, and "no stranger," as the Scripture says, "passed among them." Little indeed did they know of their great inheritance; a few hills and a few vallies, where they sowed their seeds, and pastured their flocks, were all their possession in it. Ages past, and adventurous sailors sailed to the west, and discovered the coasts of Europe, called in the Scripture, the "Isles of the Sea," because to reach them from the east, the sea must be crossed. Ages passed, and adventurous sailors sailed to the south-east, and discovered Southern Africa; ages passed, and adventurous sailors sailed to the south-west and discovered Australia, New Zealand, the Islands of the Pacific, and sailed round Cape Horn, the southern extremity of the

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American continent, where the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans meet. Thus also is it with the kingdom of Christ upon earth; the light of the Gospel shines first in one place, then another, then another, faint rays of light springing up amidst heathen darkness, far, far away, where faithful hands have carried the Lamp of God's Word. And thus they shall continue to shine, glowing forth here and there, until the whole earth be bright with their light, as the heaven is bright with stars.

It is the story of one of these expeditions which we are about to tell. We do not say it was altogether a prudent one; but as we are wont to admire worldly heroism, when it is opposed to worldly prudence, we may surely extend the same indulgence to those who adventured nobly, if not wisely, in the cause of Christ. The scene of our story is Cape Horn, and the islands immediately surrounding it. Of these desolate regions, geographers have long ascertained the existence, but they are rarely visited by

Europeans, or any civilized men. The meeting oceans roar through the narrow channel of the islands; the shore is composed of rocks terminating in horrible precipices, barren and savage. Beyond them towards the interior rise vast mountains, some covered with perpetual snow, some vomiting forth flames, whence the name "Tierra del Fuego," or "land of fire," was given to the larger portion of this region by the Spanish sailors, when they saw the sky at night lighted up with the glow. There is no vegetation in this gloomy and desolate spot, except sword grass, heath, and wild celery, and here and there little tufts of trees, fit only for fuel. The whole country for hundreds of leagues is a blank upon the map; there is neither town nor village, nor boundary marked. It has however its inhabitants; a little fierce, ugly, half-starved, half-naked race. "It was distressing," says Captain Cook, "to see them stand naked and trembling on the deck; I could do no less than give them some baize and old can-

vass to cover themselves;" "no one invited them," he continues, "to remain to dinner, for their dirty person, and the stench they carried about with them, were enough to spoil the appetite of any European." "Their character," says another, "is a compound of stupidity, indifference, and inactivity."

There was, however, in England, a few years since, a naval officer, who had formerly visited these countries, in whose eyes this wretched land was not a blank, and in whose heart neither the ferocity, nor the stupidity of its miserable inhabitants, could quench the desire of making known the Gospel among them. Accordingly, having persuaded some friends in England to give him their assistance and co-operation at home, and having prevailed upon six men to accompany him, they set sail in the autumn of the year 1850. The gentleman was Captain Gardiner; the persons who accompanied him, were Williams, surgeon and catechist; Maidment, a catechist; Erwin, a carpenter, and Badcock, Bryant, and Pearce,

Cornish fishermen. They were well provided with food, and warm clothing, and all things necessary for passing a winter on the gloomy and barren rocks of the Southern Pole. The nearest land inhabited by civilized beings, would be the Falkland Isles, and these lie in the Atlantic Ocean, many leagues distant from the place of their destination, which was Picton Island, one among the group at the foot of Cape Horn. Here they arrived in the midst of our winter, December 5th, but in the midst of the summer of the southern latitudes; as much summer, that is, as those desolate regions ever know.

On the next day they landed, and pitched their tents, but the savages surrounded them with such a menacing aspect, that they thought it best to return to the ship, until their boats could be got ready; these boats were named the Pioneer and the Speedwell, they were partially decked launches, well provided with all needful things; on the next day, not being able to



effect a landing, they disembarked from the ship into these boats, to hover about the coast until they could contrive to pitch their tent somewhere on the shore. We do not say, as we have before observed, that this determined perseverance was wise, or prudent, but certainly it was brave, magnanimous, and devoted, and every Christian heart must, we think, be stirred in behalf of a Christian hero, who, however great the imprudence might be, thus ventured to head a "forlorn hope" against the kingdom of darkness. That night they passed in their boats; the next day the ship set sail, and was soon far on her voyage back to England, leaving the mission party struggling against the stormy waves of the meeting oceans, in the narrow and tempestuous channels around Cape Horn. In vain they contended for a foot of ground on which to erect their tent; wherever they attempted to land on the habitable part of the shore, the natives surrounded them and drove them away.

We trace their course for eight weeks, from rock to rock, from island to island, tossed by the storms, and beaten by the surf; now landing to bury their casks of provisions, for fear they should be injured or lost; now surrounded by savages, dreading an attack, yet forbearing to fire, and kneeling down on the rocks in prayer, while the savages, who, like the miserable inmates of some of the dens in London, had never seen prayer before, held back in mysterious awe: now they are labouring to get their Pioneer off the rocks, digging a channel beneath to make her float; now at a loss for an anchor, they manufacture one out of an old bread cask, with wood and stones; but courage, vigilance, and perseverance failed, they were driven from all the islands, and compelled to take refuge on the desert shore of Tierra del Fuego, in a place called Spaniard Harbour; here the Pioneer was thrown on the rocks, and wrecked; the other boat, the Speedwell, anchored in safety at the mouth of a river

Here, then, in utter loneliness, with no power of escape, and no reasonable hope of help, they prepared to await the long Winter of the South.

Earnest Cove,—it was thus that, undismayed by sufferings or dangers, they named the spot where they landed; meaning to express a hope that God would make their landing there an earnest or beginning of a successful life of labour. They took up their abode in a cavern in the rocks, dark, indeed, and damp, but sheltered from the weather. Hither they conveyed their bedding, provisions, and other property, which they had saved from the wreck.

They had not long established themselves here, before the tide, rising higher than they expected, covered a large portion of the rocky floor of their gloomy dwelling-place, and carried off their property, which strewed the beach in many directions. As a last resource, they drew the wreck of their boat higher up on the beach, and covering

it with a tent, arranged it as their sleeping place, still continuing to live, by day, in the cavern.

Sickness appeared amongst them. Williams and Badcock fell ill ; the former from constant exposure to the wet and the necessity of wearing damp clothes, for they had great difficulty in keeping fires. They had brought with them an abundant supply of bedding, clothes, and food ; but as week after week, yea, month after month, dragged wearily by, and no help appeared, they began to eye with anxious looks their remaining stock of provisions. No word of reproach, no recrimination was heard. Though "some," says the narrative, "were very low," yet all suffered patiently, all were willing to deny themselves, the one for the other. They might have caught some fish, but their net was lost ; they might have shot some birds, but their powder had been left on board the ship, all but a very small quantity, which they husbanded with great care. They adopted, however,

every possible means of eking out their stores. Once they captured a fox which they salted and ate; sometimes they caught mice, or gathered muscles on the shore. The "mice," says Captain Gardiner, in his diary, "we partake of with a relish; they are very tender, and taste like rabbits."

May came, the season of our English Spring, but still it was dark winter at the Southern Pole. With fearful thoughts, the mission party had an examination of their yet remaining supplies. There was just enough for three weeks. Those who were well, put themselves on strict allowance, that there might be more for those who were sick. Beautiful spirit of self-denying Christian love, where no eye was near to mark, no heart to applaud! Beheld by none, save Him who hath said, "Thy Father which seeth in secret, Himself shall reward thee openly." A day, May 22nd, was set apart for special prayer on behalf of the sick, for supplies of food, and the arrival

of the long-expected vessel ; never, perhaps, was sail more earnestly watched for, more intensely desired, but, alas ! day after day went by, and nothing was to be seen except the wide waste of waters.

June came. The two who were suffering most severely from illness, Mr. Williams and Badcock, were lying in the Speedwell, which was still moored at the mouth of the neighbouring river. Badcock was dying of the scurvy, a sad and lingering disease. For a little time past he had suffered much from difficulty of breathing, and had become extremely weak. Notwithstanding, one day, he begged Mr. Williams, who was lying beside him, to join him in singing the hymn,

Arise, my soul arise !  
Shake off thy guilty fears,

\* \* \* \* \*

The last words are,

With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, " Father ! Abba Father !" cry.

They were the last words of the poor

Cornish fisherman. Having sung the hymn through, in a loud voice, he ceased to breathe. They made his grave, the first grave, in a bank, under some trees near the river, and the last rites performed, they returned to their boat to pray.

When they reached the cavern, however, they found one of the party, Maidment the Catechist, in the midst of the rising tide; he had been busily labouring to remove some of their goods further into the cavern, to be out of the reach of the water, and now he was hastening away, lest he too should be overwhelmed by the waves. The surf through which they had to wade was so strong, that they had great difficulty in reaching the beach; Maidment was twice thrown down; at last they got to their sleeping boat, but they dared not get into her; the tide was rising so fast, that they were apprehensive she too would be carried away. The rain and sleet continued to fall; wet, cold, and hungry, for, with the exception of a very small piece of

biscuit, they had had nothing to eat since the morning, they took shelter in a sort of shed they had erected against the rocks; but here, they had only time for their prayer; as soon as it was over, the sweep of the advancing sea-surge compelled them to leave the shed and go further. They went into the wood, but the large drops, dropping incessantly from the boughs, were worse than the rain without; they returned to the beach. They dared not sit down; every stone, every ledge, was dripping with moisture. So they remained, standing or walking, on the wet beach till night came. As it approached the tide went down, and they were able to get back to the Speedwell, where they thankfully laid themselves down to rest; Captain Gardiner, at the carpenter's earnest solicitation, took possession of his bed, and Maidment slept in that belonging to one of the fishermen. The next day they returned to Earnest Cove.

July came. Again they counted up their stores. All that now remained, was



about half a duck, 1 lb. of pork, 1 lb. of tea, a pint of rice, 2 cakes of chocolate, 4 pints of peas, 6 mice; and their only other subsistence was muscles and wild celery, with an occasional fish thrown up by the waves on the beach. Even their garden seeds, of which they had made broth, were all now used.

They painted on the rocks a hand pointing to the cavern, lest the long-expected vessel, coming when they were absent or sleeping, should pass the spot unheeding; underneath, they wrote, Ps. lxii. 5—8. "My soul, wait thou only upon God." . . "Trust in Him *at all times*, ye people." Confident in the love and watchfulness of their friends, and the certain arrival of a vessel, they had cut similar notices on the rocks, or buried bottles containing such in the earth, as they had wandered from place to place among the islands. At length all their food was eaten. They had nothing but the muscles, the limpets, and the weeds, which they found on the rocks. Captain

Gardiner's strength began to fail; he, who had inspired the party with courage and hope, who had been always at hand, to direct in every danger, to contrive for every emergency, began to sink. John Erwin died. John Bryant died; and Maidment, having buried both in one grave, was overwhelmed by mental grief, and bodily labour. One prayer remained to the leader of this devoted party, that if they must perish, the Lord would raise up other labourers to preach the Gospel to the heathen around him.

September came. Of all the party there now remained, only Captain Gardiner and Maidment at Earnest Cove, Mr. Williams and Pearce in the Speedwell at the river; the latter was cast down at the loss of his comrades, and his mind began to wander back, perhaps to his own little cottage in the Cornish village.

Ill and suffering as Maidment was, with devoted and untiring friendship he waited still on Captain Gardiner. The latter desir-

ing to spare him this trouble, thought it would be better to go to the Speedwell, where they might all pass their last hours together. But small as the distance was, would their strength now enable them to walk it? Captain Gardiner thought it would, if Maidment would cut him two crutches from the trees; the faithful friend did so, and they set out together; but his strength soon failed, and he was obliged to return, and lie down in the boat, still accompanied by Maidment. One morning, the latter, only just able to rise from his bed, left the boat; night came, but he returned not. Morning dawned, and he returned not. He who had thus ventured his life, in the cause of the Gospel, was alone in that wilderness, alone with his God. Night came again, again another morning dawned, and still he was alone—without food—without human help or solace. Another morning came . . . . and then another; yet still he neither mistrusted his friend, nor lost for a moment his patient resignation, his cheerful





**"Sadly the Englishmen gathered up the remains of their countrymen." See page 75.**

hope, and stedfast confidence in his God. Believing those in the Speedwell still lived, he traced a few broken lines to them. "Dear Mr. Williams," he wrote with a failing hand, "the Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though . . . . . the Almighty to sing praises . . . throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though . . . . days without food . . . . Maidment's kindness to me . . . . . heaven."

Months passed away, and the summer of the south had come again, when an English vessel, bringing supplies, appeared off the islands round Cape Horn. At her mast-head she carried large ensigns flying to attract attention, and fired shotted guns into the harbours as she passed; but from the silent and deserted shore came no reply. All the next day, beneath a dark and stormy

sky, the crew of the vessel searched, in vain, the channels, islands, and coasts—at night the gale increased, a perfect hurricane tossed the ship, yet still the captain braved the storm, and anchored near the shore, determined not to forsake the spot. All the next day the same vain search was pursued, and they were just on the point of giving it up, when some words in the English language, cut on the rocks across the river, caught their eye; they immediately made for the spot. “Go,” said the inscription, “to Spaniard Harbour.” Two canoes of strange looking human beings approached them; they were quite naked, painted and decked with coloured shells; the Englishmen made them some trifling presents, and proceeded on their way to Spaniard Harbour. There they found another inscription, “You will find us in the other boat . . delay not, we are starving.” In vain the tempest in sky and sea opposed their landing; the captain held on all night, and in the morning, landed on the place pointed out.

Sadly the Englishmen gathered up the remains of their countrymen. One, Captain Gardiner, was found near the boat; another, Maidment, in the cavern; the other two near the neighbouring river. Lowering their colours half-mast high, they buried them together in one grave, with the prayer which speaks of the "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to Eternal life;" the last of the manifold prayers which had ascended from that spot. Before noon the vessel was far away on her voyage across the Pacific, and the gloom of heathenism settled down once more in unbroken night, on the coasts and islands of Tierra del Fuego.



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## A TALE OF THE AFRICAN FOREST.

WHERE are we? In the depths of an African forest. Stately trees, the giants of the ancient woods, tower up around us; the Tamarind, the Cashew, the Locust, each leaf varying from the other in form; the Pullom covered with its white cotton, and, monarch of all, the royal Palm. The leafy halls are hung with beautiful tapestry; magnificent creepers, studded with blue and scarlet flowers, or covered with long purple streamers of silken thread waving in the wind, hang down from every tree. Beautiful birds are there — some with golden plumage, some with the richest gifts of song.\* Night is coming on; in the narrow,

\* The African thrush is said to surpass his European namesake, in the compass and beauty of his song, and more to resemble the American mocking bird.

winding forest-path we stop; just before us, in the thicket, we see the gleaming of two bright eyes; a negro of the party advances stealthily, gun in hand, towards the foe—we watch him anxiously, but as soon as he comes near he drops his gun with a laugh; the light proceeds from two small projecting ends of a fallen tree; it is phosphorescent fire, similar to what the village children in low and swampy districts in England, call “Will-o’-the-Wisp,” or “Jack-o’-lantern;” in our northern country it is rarely seen, but in Africa, as day departs in the woods, the ground is carpeted with the faint fire—the glimmering flames playing amidst the decaying leaves and rotten wood. It is beautiful to see, but it marks, as is well known, a deadly atmosphere.

We are still in the depths of the forest; there is no opening among the trees, no wider space, no more frequented way; yet we hear the sound of human voices—suddenly we find ourselves in the negro village. It is thus that the natives in the interior of

Africa build their villages; in the bosom of an almost impenetrable wood; the only approach being by one or more narrow foot-paths scarcely perceptible, and carried in a winding direction. The dense surrounding forest, it is true, occasions heavy damps and dews morning and evening, bringing disease; and it shuts out the pleasant breeze which might cool the burning air of the mid-day; but then it forms a screen from the eye of the slave-dealer, a fortress against the kidnapping chief.

Though nature in this country is of such imposing grandeur, and surpassing loveliness, very different are the works of man. The negro town, when we arrive at it, looks like a collection of haystacks; very little, if at all superior, to a settlement of respectable beavers on some inland creek of America. But it resembles the inhabitants; the outward appearance of a country, *i. e.*, the works of man in it, answers to the national character of its inhabitants, as the body to the soul.

In this African wilderness, in the territory of the Susoos, stood, about the end of the last century, the negro town of Kendia, of which Fantimane was chief or king. Among the collection of haystacks over which he reigned, their condition and manner of life but little above that of the natives, and their habitation in no respect superior, dwelt two white men—Englishmen, or rather Scotchmen, Missionaries sent out by the Scotch Church, before the foundation of the Church Missionary Society; their names were Henry Brunton and Peter Greig.

The early records of the West-African Missions, are records of death. The Missionaries arrived; they laboured a few weeks, it might be a few months, they died. But it mattered not; as if foreseeing the eventual blessing which was to rest upon their labours, more servants of the Lord, in youth, and health, and strength, were waiting to fill their places; scarcely had every mud church, every forest station, been left vacant, than

the ship was on its way, bringing another band of labourers, in their turn to pass away and be succeeded by another. "If I die in Africa," said a young American Missionary, to a student of one of the American universities, "you must come after me, and write my epitaph." "I will," was the reply; "but what shall I write?" He answered, "Let a thousand Missionaries die, before Africa be given up." The unhealthy climate of a country, justly called the "White man's grave," was, of course, the principal cause of this mortality; but it was greatly increased by the manner of life of the early Missionaries. Leaving alike the protection of the laws, and the dwellings of civilized men, they dispersed themselves among the low grounds, the swamps, and the forests, inhabited by the native population; where the wandering people, accustomed only to the habits of the iniquitous slave-dealer, or profane sailor, looked on in amazement to see a white man pray; and partly loving, partly fearing their strange guests, now forbade

them their villages, now crowded round their huts.

Such was the position of the Missionaries whose story we have now to tell.

Settled among the Susoos, in the village of Fantinanee, they were engaged in the endeavour to make known the Gospel to the barbarians by whom they were surrounded. They lived under the shadow of beautiful trees, in an old crazy hut, built of mud, and thatched with long grass, or bamboo branches; it had no windows, but only two holes for light; in fact, it served like Jonah's gourd, as a sort of screen from the sun. Here they lived and laboured; and, though it had not been their happiness to see any decidedly renouncing idolatry, yet the natives were kind and friendly, and seemed disposed to listen to the message they brought.

The rainy season set in. One morning Henry Brunton, after bathing in the river, the Rio Pongas, fainted in the woods; awaking from his state of insensibility, he managed to get back to his hut, where his

friend, Peter Greig, watched and attended him day and night; he began to get better. One evening, at dusk, he missed his friend; hour after hour passed, but still he came not; he began to inquire among the natives — no one had seen him. Remembering what had happened to himself, he thought he might be lying fainting in the forest. He was utterly unable to go in search of him; he applied, therefore, to a slave-trader to send his people to look for him. The man did so; they found him lying on the bank of the river unable to rise. They carried him to the hut, which served them for a home, and laid him in a small apartment — if apartment it could be called — next to Henry Brunton's. Here he lay almost insensible in an attack of fever, speaking but little, and that little, a few delirious words. Sometimes his friend contrived to crawl to his bedside for a few moments, which was all he could do for him. There he was, lying alone, insensible, hour after hour. "Would," thought Henry Brunton, "that I had any-

thing wherewith to bribe these negro women even to sit beside him." Then he considered that though he had nothing, yet he could send to the settlements for presents to reward them. "I will give you," he said, "anything you like to ask, if you will but stay with the sick man during the night." "But will he die?" shudderingly asked the black women. Brunton could not say that he would not, and no European riches would induce them willingly to confront Death. So there he lay; they had some children living with them in the hut, but most of these, if not all, forsook them. Now and then the tropical rain, descending in torrents, flooded their wretched dwelling; the water poured in through the roof above, and rising beneath the walls, overflowed the floor. It was on one such occasion, that Henry Brunton, creeping as usual to his bedside to see how he was, found him lying motionless among the water. He contrived to get him into bed again, but how to secure his remaining there he knew not, as he seemed



to be possessed with the desire of leaving the hut, and wandering far away into the woods. But fever and disease prevailed; he became so weak, he was unable to move.

Sometimes the storm darkened the tropic heavens, and the hurricane swept the earth. Trees, of a magnitude sufficient to crush their crazy dwelling, as though it had been a child's house of cards, fell with a resounding crash close to it. The heavens were in one blaze with the lightning, and thunder, such as is never heard in our northern hemisphere, shook the air.

One night Henry Brunton, rising as usual to see how Greig was, could not be sure on approaching him whether he lived or not—he bent over him and thought he was dead. They were alone; the fever distracted his own brain; he went and laid himself down in silence on his bed, and waited for the morning. It was ushered in with the sweet song of a little bird, which pouring forth its full melodious notes, from the borders of the wood, seemed to the de-

sponding Missionary like the bearer of a message from heaven; that blessed message—"Are ye not much better than they?"

The days passed on, his friend still lived, and he continued to live. Returning reason began to dawn as the fever subsided; in time he recovered, and Henry Brunton also. The storms and the rains also passed away from the heavens, and the unclouded sun shone out on all the glories of the forest. The two white men took counsel together, there was a difference between them. One would remain no longer among the Susoos; he would not encounter the horrors of those dismal nights and days again, nor longer endure the miseries of an almost savage life among pitiless heathens in a deadly spot. The other had undertaken the work of the Lord; he could not give it up; it would be grievous to be left solitary there, the only white man among another race. And if sickness and helplessness should come again? Well; he will not be alone, the Lord will be with him. So he stayed; and Henry

Brunton departed to Freetown, to accept the situation of chaplain to the colony.

The Susoos, among whom Greig laboured, inhabited a country, about one hundred miles beyond the northern boundary of Sierra Leone. The attention of the early Missionaries in Africa was much turned to this tribe; the very first Missionary, a Russian, sent out in after years by the Church Missionary Society, desired to take up his station among the Susoos, on the borders of the Rio Pongas, and was only dissuaded from doing so by the remonstrance of an old Mandingo chief, who told him he had always observed that a journey on foot in Africa was to a white man all the same as poison; and certainly in no other manner could the forest paths be threaded. The language of the tribe is used over a large extent of country, and is understood by a great part of the Foolah and Mandingo nations. It is simple and easy of acquisition, and was early reduced to writing; it is sweet and musical in its sound, approaching the

Italian, but had, before the white man spoke it, no word for Prayer. The people were not inhospitable, nor unwilling to receive the white men among them, as soon as their minds had been able to grasp the astonishing fact, that the English came to do them good, not evil; for as the shores of the Rio Pongas had been the principal scene of the English slave-trade, they were familiar only with the white man as a demon of mischief. It was the nature of the country which formed the obstacle. At the time of which we are writing, scarcely a white man, except the slave-dealer, had ever dared to penetrate the black and burning wilderness.

The labours of Peter Greig prospered. He was diligent and zealous, and a growing interest for the things he taught began to spread among the Susoos. From time to time he received a visit from his former colleague, who came to cheer him, and to watch his progress. They had much that was pleasant to talk over. The Susoos came in numbers to hear the Word of God; they

had put aside many outward practices of sin, and had even begun to honour the Sabbath; but never once did Henry Brunton quit the hut in the forest with the hope that he left behind, among the natives, one fellow-Christian to cheer the heart of his friend or to help his work; never once had the Missionary, in looking round upon those whom he taught, been able to say, "this is a believer." Yet still he patiently laboured on.

It happened that there arrived at the negro town a party of seven men of another tribe, Foolahs, who were travelling through the country. The day was closing in when they presented themselves at the white man's hut, and received a kind and hospitable invitation to enter. Greig, pleased doubtless at the opportunity of making known his message to the men of another tribe, did all he could to please his guests. For their amusement he displayed the little articles of European manufacture and proofs of English skill, which he had brought from

his native land. The negroes looked and admired; an admiration which was increased to high satisfaction when he presented them with a portion of the property. The evening passed cheerfully and pleasantly away, and when night came, the Missionary permitted the chief man among his guests, with two others, to remain and sleep under his roof.

All was silent—the Missionary slept; not so his guests. The chief man amongst them arose, and with a razor, the present which had been given him, he endeavoured to cut the Missionary's throat. But Peter Greig was a courageous and powerful man; he awoke, and struggled with his enemy. One of the children, who lived with him in the hut, also awoke, but seeing what was going on, he, paralysed with fear, quietly concealed himself. Peter Greig's strength might have been a match for his enemy, but he was unarmed, and the latter seizing on an axe struck him on the temples, and thus despatched him. The other savages got

up; they quickly seized upon the articles which had excited their covetousness, and departed.

Fantimane and his people mourned for their faithful white friend, and pursued with deep, though fruitless rage, his murderers. Buried in the African clearing—no word of Christian prayer or praise uttered beside his lonely grave—he awaits his reward in that day when they who have “sown in tears shall reap in singing.”

While through the vast extent of England's tropical empire, reaching from the mystic land of fable and fairy tale, on the north, where queens of Morocco, and princesses of Fez, used to delight the childhood of infant Europeans, to the sovereignty of the south, where the Kaffir asserts his freedom in the Kloofs of the Amatolas—whilst through this vast extent of territory we hope to carry the Gospel of Christ, in a chain of Missionary settlements and Christian churches, from Freetown to Mombas, we should not be unmindful of those by whom

the Gospel message was first borne thither; who, of lowly estimation in this world, and possessing nothing much honoured by it, had yet that which every man loves dearly—life—which life they freely sacrificed in this cause; like the poor widow, commended by the Lord, they cast all they had into this treasury. While, therefore, we rejoice in the rising light of the African Church, we would not fail to remember the names, and honour the labours, of her early Missionaries.



## OUR BROTHER.

It was a beautiful night; the moon had commenced her "walk of brightness," over land and sea, peeping forth just above the summit of a dark, green hill. Very lovely looked her soft silvery lamp upon the horizon; so thought a poor boy, who, with eager steps, was hastening up the hill, every now and then casting a longing and intelligent look towards the moon; at length he reached the summit, and there he stood with a look of blank surprise and disappointment. What had the poor boy come for? Nothing less than the moon herself; and now he saw her, still millions of miles away, in the sky above him, no nearer than when he stood in the valley below. He had often seen her before; she was, he thought, a great ball of fire, put up by some man, but she always



**" At length he reached the summit."**



seemed far out of his reach. This evening, however, he perceived her, as he thought, resting upon the summit of the hill, and thither accordingly he had come.

The boy went home, and sate by his mother's fireside; none could explain to him his mistake, nor tell him who had hung the moon in the sky. His mother was a woman who knew God, and loved Him, but her poor boy was deaf and dumb.

It happened some Christian people noticed this poor boy; they felt compassion and sympathy for him. How sad to be born in a Christian country, and never to have heard of God! "You cannot," they reasoned with his parents, "teach him; you know no language which he can understand, but there are those who do; let him go to them." The Lord who softens all our afflictions, gives to the deaf and dumb child a very warm place in the heart of its parents, they generally love it very much; however, these parents were willing to part with their son for a little while, for his

good; accordingly they presented him for admission into the Institution for teaching the Deaf and Dumb. There was some difficulty about getting him in; "he is too old," said one person; "he does not look as though he would ever be able to learn," said another.

At length it was settled that he should come upon trial for three months. He was then thirteen years old; his name was John Lashford.

"Jesus!" "Heaven!" these were among Lashford's earliest lessons in school. With time and labour, slowly he added, word after word; then he learned to write them; "God!" "Jesus!" "Heaven!" appeared on the large swinging slate, on which the Deaf and Dumb are taught their lessons; when we say he learned these words, we mean that he acquired the ideas connected with them, though dimly and indistinctly of course. We are born under sentence of death; it is a great lesson to learn, that we need not die.

Lashford went home to see his parents; a little brother of his had died; the small coffin stood in the room, the father and mother were weeping for their child. Lashford was anxious to comfort his parents; we will not say it was a small amount of comfort which he had to give, for it was very large; the difficulty was to convey it across the slender threads of communication which existed between him and them. He looked about and found a hymn-book, then opening it before his mother, he pointed out the words, "Body," "Soul," "Jesus," "Heaven." The body, he expressed to her by signs, must indeed go down to the grave, but that the soul would not be there; the soul was gone to heaven already, to be with Jesus.

Brighter and brighter, became the light in Lashford's mind, as year after year passed away. Now he can read the Bible; he has one of his own; it is daily, almost hourly, in his hand. "I did not know," he said to his teachers, "that it was wrong

to steal or lie, but now I know that God hath commanded, and said, 'Thou shalt not steal!'" When he was told anything was sinful, "Is it in the Bible?" he would ask; and upon being shown the precept, he immediately nodded assent. There stood once a beautiful rose-tree in the window; Lashford admired it for a few minutes in silence, then looking up to one of his teachers, he said, in the language of the dumb, i. e. on the fingers, "Jesus is called the Rose of Sharon,—why?" Every morning he gathered his companions together, and kneeling down among them, he spelled upon his fingers the morning prayer to God, and they followed him. Once, when a little girl belonging to the Institution died, he wrote upon the board in the school-room, "God will not lose His children or people, because they go down into the grave; souls do not go there, only bodies." A favourite verse with him was—

"I was not born for earth and sin,  
Nor do I live for things so vile ;

Yet will I stay my Father's will,  
And hope and wait for him awhile!"

He delighted to talk of Jesus, and he loved to instruct the younger children. His friends hoped that the employment of his future life would be as teacher to those afflicted like himself; but he excelled in drawing, and he wished to follow that art as a means of livelihood. "Which would you like best," said one of his friends, "to draw, or to teach the deaf and dumb?" "To draw," promptly replied Lashford. "But which do you think God would like best?" The colour came to his cheeks, as he wrote upon the board, "God would like me to teach the deaf and dumb best;" then, laying down his pencil, he signed, that he wished to be a Missionary to the deaf and dumb. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

"Where is the human mind?" was a question once put by a stranger; "Brow," wrote Lashford, in reply. "Could a man think without a head?" "No." "What



part of man thinks?" "The soul." "Is the brain the instrument by which a man thinks?" "Yes, it is the eye of the mind." "Have you a conscience?" asked another. "Yes." "What is conscience?" "That which makes me know right from wrong;" "the thought," added one of his schoolfellows, "that makes me know right from wrong." "My brother," said a lady, "cannot talk without much stammering;" Lashford replied, "God made him so; God's love is very great; the tongue of the stammerer shall be ready to speak plainly." "God," she said, "will unloose your tongue in heaven." "If I love Jesus—Jesus made the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak—Jesus says, I must pray and watch, lest I enter into temptation. God made me deaf and dumb; but I am very happy."

No doubt he was very happy. Who is there that loves the Lord as he did, and is not very happy? If such an one, should be reading these pages, let him be sure that his unhappiness is only a passing cloud; it

is lined with light, and all the edges are tipped with light, which shows that it will soon pass away, and the sun shine forth in glory.

A few years passed quickly and pleasantly away, and Lashford became a young man; and then—"he was not, for God took him." Sorrowful, and yet rejoicing, his kind teachers, and friends, stood by his dying bed, under the humble roof of his parents; sorrowful, that all their great expectations of his future usefulness had been put aside by the Lord, rejoicing in the dying testimony given by the mute disciple of his faith and hope in Jesus. "Pray for me," exclaimed a person, in all the horrors of a shipwreck, clinging to a servant of the Lord, "pray for me, I am a wicked man, I cannot pray!" "I cannot pray much now," signed Lashford, with tears, to one of his friends, "my cough is so troublesome; is it good or bad?" "Jesus is sufficient for you," was the answer; and why?—"His righteousness is *your's*." The work was

done; the soul was safe in the Lord. "Christ has robbed death of its sting," said his teacher, on another occasion, "do you fear the passage from earth to heaven?" An expression of surprise passed over his countenance; "it is only a shadow," he replied; "a passing from one place to another." Touched by his sufferings, his teacher was holding the Bible before him, showing him our Lord's last prayer with his disciples; he smiled, turned over the leaf, and pointed to John xiv. 26, 27.

One evening, his teacher came to pay him a last visit. "Do not go up stairs," said his mother, "he says he shall soon die, and he wishes to be alone,"—alone with Jesus. About an hour before his death, he took his mother's hand, and spelled *soul* on her fingers; then looking upwards, he pointed to heaven, and signed, "Glory, Glory!" Thus passed the spirit of the mute disciple, from time to eternity, looking unto Jesus.\*

\* "She passed from Time to Eternity, looking

He was our brother in the Lord, and we rejoice in his restoration to his place in the human family, and that he lived and died in communion with the Lord, and His people.

We bless the work of those who found the secret passage, open through the eye, though closed through the ear, to the heart and understanding of the mute disciple. Great works may be done by a true and earnest faith. It is written, "All things are possible to him that believeth."

unto Jesus." This epitaph is to be found in the churchyard of Barham, near Canterbury.

## EASY TO DIE.

It was in the pleasant Spring time, some few years ago, when a lad was just about to leave a prison in one of the western counties of England. Many a Spring had come and gone, and many a Summer, since he had walked in the bright green fields, under the shady trees, and felt the free fresh air of heaven. Yet, sad as those prison years must needs have been to him, they had been full of blessings. He entered those walls a young thief, the sinful child of sinful parents; his home we might almost say the London streets, his days, stepping-stones from sin to sin. He quitted the prison, having knowledge; taught to labour—taught to read—having heard of the love of Jesus;\* he quitted them, having

\* Prince Albert presented a Bible for the use of this prison, we believe, on the first page of which, were the following words written by himself; "Presented to the Chapel of the Convicts at Portland, as a token of interest, and in hope of their amendment."—*Albert.*



**"In vain Thomas protested,—remonstrated." Page 113.**



friends; the chaplain, the governor, were men worthy their high office, that of, through Christ, reclaiming sinners; and the eyes of their affectionate interest were still fixed upon their unhappy, and departing charge.

We say unhappy, for indeed as regards this world there was but little hope for poor Thomas; his father was dead, his mother was a Romanist, and a woman of drunken habits, his dwelling among the dens of London. Why then had the governor and the chaplain procured, as they had done, his pardon from the Queen, to send him to this miserable home? The lad's health, had long been failing; he was unable to discharge his daily duties, and perhaps they thought that freedom, and release from the prison discipline, might bring health back again. So Thomas returned to his London home.

But, as we have said, his friends did not forget him. The chaplain wrote a letter to a clergyman in town, recommending Tho-



mas to his notice; that clergyman sent for a City Missionary, and commended Thomas to his care. "The chaplain considers," said the clergyman to the Missionary, "that if the case be followed up with more than usual attention, some good may follow."

The zealous Missionary determined to lose no time; he went once—twice—thrice, but could gain no admission. Few, it has been thought meet with the success of the London City Missionaries; we sow the seed, but we fill not in the same degree with the sheaves, our bosom, (Ps. cxxix); but we forget, we labour not in the same degree, with the same lengthened patience, and earnest perseverance. Six visits the faithful Missionary paid in vain; when he came the seventh time, he happened to find the door open; up he went to the top of the house unquestioned, and entered the room where Thomas was. A slight expression of pleasure passed over the countenance of the latter, but he said, and would say, but little, till the Missionary named the name of the

chaplain; then Thomas's heart immediately responded, and he told the Missionary he should at all times be glad to see him. The Missionary wisely avoided speaking of Romanism; he spoke to him of the necessity of being born again, from John iii.—of the evidences of having received that new birth, from Gal. v.—of the nature and necessity of prayer. "I hope you won't be offended," said Thomas, "but I am very ill, and should be glad for you to tell me the rest another time." So the Missionary knelt down to pray, and then departed. After this, his visits were always kindly received, but he came and went, and came and went, and saw but little to hope for in Thomas.

One day when he called in the month of July, he thought he seemed weaker than usual, and questioned him upon the subject. "I have had nothing to eat," said the poor sick lad, "since yesterday morning, and I should be so glad to get a bit of bread." Out went immediately the Missionary to

buy him, with his own money, some little food. When he returned he found Thomas with a letter just received from the Governor of the prison; the Missionary read it to him—it was full of kindness and sympathy. The Governor would continue to pay for his room; when he came to London he would come and see him; tears flowed from the eyes of the youth; “Sir,” he said to the Missionary, “that gentleman is better than a father to me; when I was a prisoner he was kind—more kind than I can tell, but now he is better than ever! God is indeed good to make them notice a poor wicked prisoner like me.” The Missionary seized the auspicious moment to speak of the love of Christ; if these friends were kind, for Christ’s sake, how much greater the love of Jesus himself! Then he read to him Rom. v., and put kindly and gently the solemn questions which point to approaching death. “Well, sir,” said Thomas in reply, “I feel I am a wicked sinner, and don’t deserve that any one should notice me, but I re-

member in prison that the chaplain used to talk of the love of Jesus, and you have told me the same as he used; and you read in the Bible that Jesus won't turn any away that come to Him; and I do believe that Jesus will receive me, and I think sometimes that He makes me feel happy." "And how do you spend your time," continued the Missionary, "while you are alone?" "I think a good while about Isaiah lv., which you have read to me." "What part do you like to think of best?" He then repeated verse 7, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." "Had he a favourite hymn?" Thomas replied—

" 'There is a fountain filled with blood,

\* \* \* \*

The dying thief rejoiced to see,  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, as well as he,  
Wash all my sins away.'

That's nice for a poor sinner like me to think of."

A few more weeks passed, and again the Missionary came and went, not now without hope, but hoping greatly. At length, as Thomas's sufferings increased, he asked to be taken to the Infirmary at the Workhouse. Thither from his miserable hovel he was removed. It is sad not to have a home to live in; it is sadder still not to have a home to die in. Quietly and sorrowfully the time passed on; the affections and feelings of the dying lad, found rest in his Saviour, and he clung with no small share of human friendship to the person, by whose instrumentality that Saviour had been fully made known to him.

One day when the Missionary came, he found Thomas in an unusual state of agitation. No sooner did he enter the door, than the youth with difficulty raising himself from his bed, grasped eagerly his hand, and said, "Thank God, thank God, sir! I have been praying all the morning that

God would send you . . . . thank God, he has sent you!" "Why so glad?" said the Missionary, surprised at this unusual excitement. "I am very ill, and want you to say something to comfort me; for the priest has been sent here by my friends, and he has made me so ill!"

Poor Thomas! it appeared that the priest, finding him unwilling to enter into any conversation, had called two ward-keepers, and told them, he must see the young man alone; in vain Thomas protested, remonstrated; the men, quite unheeding what he said, carried him into a little ante-room, and laying him on a bed, left him alone with the priest.

"You won't pray, won't you?" said the priest.

"Yes, sir, I always pray."

"What do you pray?"

"I pray what I feel, sir."

"Well, you must not do that, you must pray what I tell you,"—"God be merciful to me a sinner." The poor lad at this

period of his relation, raised his tearful eyes to the Missionary, and said, "I could say that, sir, for I am a great sinner, and want God's mercy." Next the Priest said the Lord's prayer; still Thomas followed him. "Hail Mary, . . . ." no reply. "Go on," said the priest in a stern voice; "What for sir?" "Because you must pray to her." "But if I do, she won't hear me, sir." "Never you mind; she was blessed before Jesus, and you must pray to her." "The Bible says, Jesus was from the beginning." "Won't you confess?" "Confess what, sir?" "Your sins." "I could not; they are more than can be counted, and God only knows them." "Won't you tell me some." "The Missionary," replied Thomas, "read to me in the Bible, that if I confess my sins to God, he is faithful and just, and will forgive my sins; and I do confess to God, and I feel that God forgives my sins."

The priest was about to leave, but turning to him, he said, "Would you like any-

thing you cannot get?" "I am obliged to you, but I will not trouble you." "I'll bless you." "No, you cannot; only God can bless me." "I'll leave these two books with you." "If you like; the Bible will enable me to see more of the error that's in them." So the priest took his leave, giving a shilling to the two ward-keepers, who had brought Thomas from his bed, and who now carried him back again. "Did I," he eagerly inquired of the Missionary, "answer the priest right, sir?"

The Missionary saw that death was drawing very near; was Thomas ready to meet it? "I am very happy, sir," said the latter; "I feel I am a great sinner, but Jesus died for great sinners, didn't He, sir? Everything seems so different with me now, it seems so easy to look at dying; I shall be so happy, sir; only think—*me*, to be with God!"

It was early, very early, on the last morning in July, when a rough sawyer, who lay in the same ward, heard the feeble



voice of Thomas calling upon him; he got up, and went to his bed. "Jim," he said, "read a piece of the Bible to me; Isaiah lv., if you can find it." The sawyer found it, and read on till he came to verse the eighth, when the sick youth stopped him, saying, "Jim, think of them two last verses: 'Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and return unto the Lord . . . . He will abundantly pardon.' Jim, that's good news for us, and that comforts me;" he then took the sawyer's hand, and pulling him to kneel down by the side of the bed, he prayed aloud. "I shall not," thought Thomas, "see my friend again; I am going now." But as the morning hours advanced, and stirred up all to their wonted labours, they brought the Missionary once more to the bedside of the humble sufferer, who had a last message ready for him. "If the Lord had pleased," he said, "I should like to have told my mother and sisters

the way to heaven, but you can do that better than I can, sir," and clasping his hands, he continued, "I am happy . . . . I never thought I should feel like this . . . . it seems so easy to die."

He took the Missionary's hand, and said, "Sit close to me; this will be the last time I shall have you, but I will sit with you in heaven." After a short conversation, with great calmness he wished his friend, "Good-bye," and "may God bless you," he said.

When the Missionary came to the ward again, Thomas had departed. One thought possessed the faithful man's mind, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The simplicity of faith, gives the confidence of peace; one promise in Christ, fully received, may make it, *Easy to Die*.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE GOSPEL.\*

FLORENCE THE FAIR, as she was once proudly termed by her citizens; that city which, roused to enthusiasm by the preaching of the Gospel by Savonarola, in the garden of roses, struck her coins in the name of the Senate, and the Florentine people, having for the inscription, "Jesus Christ our King!" that city whose poets, historians, and merchant-princes, were great in the earth, has revived her greatness in our day in the persons of some of her obscurest citizens, who have been counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake.

In the servants' hall of an English family, at the baths of Lucca, a city of Italy, about twelve years ago, there sate two persons, a man and a woman in middle life,

\* A name given to Protestant Christians in Florence.

foreign domestics. They were both Italians, he from the hill of Casentino, she a Roman. These were the Madiari; Francesco, was a travelling courier in the service of the family; and Rosa, then Rosa Pulini, was the lady's maid. It was evening, and they were alone; some conversation of a confidential kind was going on between them. It related to a small box of English books, which Francesco had beside him. His very life was, as it were, centered in these books, yet dim and indistinct, in consequence of his imperfect knowledge of our language, were the images that they conveyed to him. La Pulini had been many years in England; she understood English well, but then these were forbidden books—no Italian is permitted to read the glorious words which teach freedom before God and man.<sup>a</sup> But Rosa was quite familiar with the sight of

<sup>a</sup> Some years ago, a church in Italy was repaired. An Italian nobleman, Count Guicciardini, took the opportunity of having a few texts from the Bible in the Italian language, inscribed upon the walls;

the English Scriptures, and when she saw them she commended them. Encouraged by this, Francesco asked whether she would explain the English Bible to him in Italian? Willingly, she replied, of an evening, when her work was done. Many a summer evening was thus spent by the two at the baths of Lucca; and Francesco acquired with an intense delight, that knowledge which he had so earnestly longed for. Doth not God hear always even the unspoken desire to know him? "Blessed are they," saith the Lord, "which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

At length these happy evenings passed away. The English family went to Florence, and La Pulini left their service.

people stopped as they passed, to read them; the Romish priests caused them to be effaced.

*April 25th, 1851.* The Government of Tuscany issued a decree by which any magistrate is authorized to imprison any person who is known to possess or read the Bible, and to commit to prison any person *suspected* to be averse to Romanism.

At first Francesco did not miss her much; but as evening after evening came, and he sat puzzling over his treasured Bible, written in a language with which he was so little acquainted, he thought with regret of La Pulini. Francesco, though he concealed his sentiments, was, according to his own account, "almost entirely" a Protestant. He had even made his first communion in that faith, in a Church of one of the North American cities, for his occupation as a courier had carried him to various parts of Europe and America. Nevertheless his knowledge of the Gospel was but small; spelling out sentences of the English Bible and the English Prayer-book, which he possessed, he was striving to come to the Lord, if haply he "might feel after Him, and find Him."

He went to visit La Pulini. These two were alone in the world; a common faith, though imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly developed rendered them so—they were the children of the Gospel,

and as such cut off from their countrymen around them. They soon became deeply attached to one another; Francesco left his situation and married La Pulini. They had both some money; but she, in delicate health, and after a long life of service, was incapable of much further exertion. It was therefore agreed between them, that putting their small earnings together, they should furnish a house in Florence, and let it to travelling English families, and that he should still follow his occupation as a courier.

“The Spirit of God,” says Madiat, “reigned in me and my wife; we did not yet know His secret, but I am certain we knew it after some time . . . .” By what means then was this knowledge obtained?

In the first place, they had an Italian Bible, Diodati's translation; they had also an English Prayer-book, containing the “Articles” of the English Church, and a few other books; “Hawker's Morning Por-

tion," we believe, was one ; also a picture, which represented the errors of Popery, explained by texts from the English Bible.

A few years passed away. In 1848, the Italians, taking advantage of the political convulsions of Europe, made an attempt in some places, to shake off the yoke of Papacy. Tuscany was one ; and liberty of conscience became the law of Florence. The Madiai eagerly availed themselves of the proffered gift. Belonging to the "quiet in the land," of obscure position, infirm health, working for their daily bread, and with hearts devoted to one cause alone, they meddled in no public affairs, but openly professed their faith, and joined themselves to the Protestant Church. Brief, however, was this blessed interval of freedom. The French by force of arms, replaced the Pope upon the papal throne, and the "Children of the Gospel," again found themselves under the hateful yoke.

In these circumstances the Madiai, and those who, like them, believed, withdrew



themselves as much as possible from public notice; but they had made the profession of their faith, and they would not, and could not, renounce it. Sometimes a citizen would stop to talk with Madiai before their door of an evening; to one he gave a Bible; whispers were heard of books concealed between the bed and mattress; of a blessing on their food, asked in their own manner, of the Bible read to one who pretended to share their faith, in order to impose upon their charity, of meetings of Protestant brethren, held at their house.

An Englishman's house is his castle; but in unhappy Italy, no man can shelter himself even under the shadow of his own roof. On the evening of a day in August, 1851, the Madiai being absent from home, the police visited their dwelling. It was searched from the attics to the cellars; two Bibles were found in it, and an English religious book. This was enough; three persons, sitting together, one of whom was an Englishman, were immediately arrested, also

Francesco Madiai, who came in at the time; they were carried off to a horrid prison, called the Bargello. About ten days afterwards Rosa Madiai, also was arrested. The Englishman was released; all the others were confined in separate cells, very close and swarming with vermin; no one was permitted to see them. What a blessed gift of God it is, to be born on English ground! or rather to be born of English race, whether in the great transatlantic Republic, or in some infant city of the land of gold, or beneath the tropical skies of India or Africa, or among the snows of Canada.

A multitude of arrests then followed, for there are many "Children of the Gospel," at Florence.\* All night long prisoners were being brought into the Bargello. At any hour, mid-day, midnight, the police might enter the houses of peaceful citizens; if they found a Bible, condemnation was certain;

\* There was a report in Florence, during 1851, that sixty were in prison at one time on account of their faith.

even if they did not, the inmates might be arrested upon suspicion.

Late on a Saturday evening, in the the November of 1851, an Italian, Guasco — was sitting in one of the coffee-houses of Florence. He was listening with intense interest, but without appearing to do so, to the conversation which was passing around him. We dare not mention his name, nor that of his friends, not even in England. Stories of intended searches to be made that night, were being whispered among the men present; one name reached Guasco's ears, which he well knew, that of Antonio —. This person kept a shop in Florence. It was now eleven o'clock at night—how could he be warned of his danger? Guasco thought of another of the "Children of the Gospel," who was likely to be willing to help, Berardo —. Stealing out of the coffee-house, he flew to his residence; it was now near midnight, and his friend was in bed; but learning that a fellow-Christian's safety was at stake, he rose and dressed himself,

and hastened with Guasco, to the house of Antonio ——. When they arrived all was quiet; they rang violently at the bell; no answer; again, no answer; “he imagines it is the police,” thought his friends, “and he is concealing his papers.” “Perhaps, said Guasco, “they are already there; do not ring again, let us hide ourselves.” They did so, and in a few minutes, the door was opened, and their friend, pale and with marks of agitation on his countenance, and escorted by four armed men, was led off to prison.

The two then quitted the place; they bent their steps towards Berardo’s house, but a little dog whom Guasco had brought with him, ran away. In following him down a street, his master was in such a position, that he had a view of Berardo’s house. He perceived to his terror that it was occupied; lights in the sitting-room at two o’clock in the morning betokened the presence of strangers and enemies, Berardo’s hand was on the bell, but he was in time to stop him.

The latter gave a whistle, a signal he was accustomed to use to his wife when danger was apprehended. There was no answer, but soon after they saw a hand slowly waving them away. The house door opened, and Berardo, thinking it was some one come to arrest him, fled. It was only the maid-servant who whispered "Fly! fly!" with increased speed the two friends rushed from the place and parted. The police were indeed there; hour after hour they had waited; "when will he return?" demanded they of his wife, who sat with them, in an agony of apprehension, momentarily expecting to hear her husband's step. Their Bible she had saved; she had thrown it out of the window, hoping it would fall into the garden; but it fell into a safer place, the cistern. At length, she heard the soft and well known whistle; almost fainting with terror, she gave an excuse for leaving the room, and made to him at a window the sign described. Berardo stood alone in the streets of Florence; he knew that in his house, there was the Bible,

and other undeniable evidences of his faith; sufficient to condemn him to a fearful punishment. His only safety was in flight; but how could he fly without money, and he had none. To his own house he dared not go, but he resolved to venture to approach that of a friend; in doing so he was obliged to pass near his dwelling. Just as he approached it, a man met him; it was a *gensdarme*, sent to arrest him; he came close to him, but hesitated; Berardo inwardly prayed for deliverance, then with presence of mind he stopped to light a cigar: the *gensdarme* walked on. The next danger was the passing of the city gate; his heart beat with anxiety as he summoned the gate-keeper to open it. "Felice notte,"<sup>a</sup> said the man politely, swinging it back upon its hinges; "Felice notte, in truth," said Berardo, as rejoicing to find himself beneath the open sky of heaven he breathed more freely.

He wandered about for some time outside the walls. At length, fatigue, anxiety,

<sup>a</sup> Good-night.

and the intense cold, caused him to lose consciousness. When he came to himself again, he was lying outside the city walls; a town clock struck three; only three! how slowly hours of suffering pass! he roused himself to make the attempt to walk to the nearest railroad station, outside the gate; but there had been a flood, and the water and mud rendered the way impassable. At five he knew the train would start for Leghorn; he crept back into Florence, to stand his chance of getting off by it; he succeeded.

Meanwhile his unhappy wife kept watch at home, not knowing whether he had escaped, or whether he were lodged in a dungeon of the Bargello. Another Italian Christian having by some means found out that he had gone in the direction of Leghorn, hastened to that city. Letters they dared not write, but varying accounts were transmitted by messengers, backwards and forwards. Now, he wanted clothes, hoping soon to sail; next, he was still lying concealed, it was impossible to obtain a passport.

Lastly, his friends heard he was *on the sea*, but, by what means they dared not tell, except that the captain of the vessel was one of the "children of the Gospel."

Long was the vessel tossed about by storms, making no way; driven from her course by contrary winds, she at length came in sight of unlooked-for land; all land was the same to Berardo, that was beyond the power of the Pope and his counsellors, so when the captain asked if he would like to be put on shore, he consented. He was therefore, landed; he was alone in that foreign country, without provision, without even clothes; yet was his heart full of gratitude for his deliverance.

A letter came to his wife; it informed her of his safety; that he had had an introduction to a fellow Christian, whom he had found. "See," as it was said in ancient time, "See how these Christians love one another!" He felt, he said, as though he had never prayed before, and earnestly entreated his wife to cast every burden on the



Lord ; Christ and his Gospel, were dearer to him than ever. Yet his heart longed for his native land, for his wife, and infant children.

His wife cherished the letter amidst smiles and tears ; she could not burn it, she dared not keep it ; she gave it to the care of a friend.

Father, mother, country, home, it was much to leave, but she left all, and taking her infant children, departed to share her husband's wandering and uncertain life.

Months have passed away ; a year has passed away. The trial of the Madias has taken place, and they are now undergoing their sentence. Parted from one another, condemned to labour, and long imprisonment in separate prisons, Francesco and his wife are suffering bitterly. But they suffer not without sympathy. The compassion of the Christian, the indignation of the citizen, has been roused in their behalf in every free nation of Europe ; princes have sent their ambassadors, nations have sent

their deputations, to require the release of the oppressed sufferers. It is true they have asked in vain ; as vainly quite as in past ages. But the fellow Christians of the Madiai can remember those in bonds as suffering with them, and this they do.

Bent down by sickness and grief, clothed in the odious striped dress of the felon, her hair cut like that of a criminal, and a cotton handkerchief on her head, sits Rosa Madiai. Her cell is clean, lighted by a window from whence she cannot look, and a few books are lying near her. Beside her sits an English nobleman ; he is the bearer of the sympathy, the prayers of thousands ; from thousands in that happy country where the Pope has no dominion, and the people may read the Word of God in peace. "Is Jesus Christ," asked Lord Roden, "your strength and comfort?" "Oh, how," said Rosa, "could I have gone through what I have, now a prisoner for fifteen months, if it had not been for Him!" "May God look upon you in His great mercy, and

support and strengthen you to the end," said her friend, as parting from her with a sad heart, he heard the heavy bolt of the cell door close on this "prisoner of Jesus Christ." Again we see the same English nobleman in the cell of the Volterra prison with Francesco Madiai; "it is not for you only," he said, "that we plead; we plead, the right of the human race, of every individual belonging to it, to read the Word of God." Madiai was ill, it seemed probable to his visitor that a short time would set him free, by the hand of God, not man; he was feeble, worn down by suffering, mental and bodily, yet expressing his comfort and trust in God. Lord Roden asked if he could do anything for him? "Nothing," was the reply, "but pray for me." Lord Roden knelt down upon the floor of the cell, and offered up a parting prayer, for the continuance of God's favour and support towards him.

And it is well; these Christians deserve the sympathy of the "household of faith;"

it is the Lord's especial command, that it should be rendered to them; but we will not forget those Christians of Tuscany who, like Berardo, endure in secret; who, for the sake of the Gospel, have confronted persecution at home—imprisonment in the distant fortress, or banishment from their native land. We have never heard their names; their place of suffering or of refuge is concealed from us; but, let us in our hearts, and in our prayers, keep ever the remembrance of all the "Children of the Gospel."

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All the grand changes of the kingdom of Nature, are the work of small unseen causes; so small, so unseen, that we do not recognise them. When they have done their work—when the tree falls, the rock crumbles, the house decays, we say, it is the work of Time; whereas it is the hourly, momentary, action of small causes; the pressure of the calm air, the action of the drop of water. Not less great is the un-

recognised, unperceived power of the Lord's faithful, though obscure, followers; not less mighty the work committed to their hands; though to all in this world, except to those immediately surrounding them, they still may be unknown disciples. There are the inner stones which build up the House of the Lord, as well as the outer stones, which appear in the sight of all men. Living stones; "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

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